

VOICE: Lights Out - everybody!

BIZ: CHIMES - WIND TO REGISTER - GONG -

VOICE: The Bark of a Dead Dog!

(PAUSE)

(FADING IN)

BIZ: / ¹⁰⁰ HUM OF SMALL ELECTRIC MOTOR - SWITCH SNAP - MOTOR STOPS -

ERIC: Light one of those Bunsen burners for me, will ya, Gunther?

(PAUSE) Hey! we've kept Sibbley waiting fifteen minutes already; he'll be wanting to drive back to town before long. Give me a hand.

GUNTHER: (COMING IN) I've been doing a little planning -

ERIC: The plans won't be much use unless we get Bowser to bark for Sibbley. Light that Bunsen burner while I take the cover off the -

GUNTHER: (BREAKING IN) Don't! (THEN SHAKILY) D-don't uncover that thing now. It gives me the creeps. I don't want to look at it.

ERIC: (CHUCKLING) What's the matter, Gunther? Still squeamish?

GUNTHER: Yeah-yeah - I can't get over it.

ERIC: If you want Sibbley to think you're a doctor you've got to have more than that phony bedside manner. Objectivity - that's what you need.

GUNTHER: (IMPATIENTLY) Yeah-yeah - I know.

ERIC: It's just a dog, Gunther. Not even that - just the head of a dog.

GUNTHER: But those eyes. They look just like they did when -

ERIC: The dog is dead. Just keep that in mind.

GUNTHER: I wish I hadn't been the one who had to take care of the pooch before you - (STOPS)

ERIC: Sure-sure - I know all of that. I like dogs, too. The pooch had that same trusting look in his eyes when I killed him, but I don't think of it. Twenty thousand bucks - that's what I'm thinking of.

GUNTHER: I'll be okay. It just kinda gave me a jolt when you started to uncover that darned thing. I'll be okay.

ERIC: Just keep in mind that if that head barks for Sibbley we'll be in nine thousand apiece. (PAUSE) Now - light the Bunsen burner.

GUNTHER: (MOVING AWAY) Under this whatcham'callit?

ERIC: The beaker - yeah. And don't call beakers "whatcham'callits" when Sibbley's in here. That'd be a tip-off for sure.

BIZ: STRIKING MATCH - AWAY -

GUNTHER: (GRUMBLING - SLIGHTLY AWAY) Don't worry about me. Just you get this contraption to operate and I'll take care of myself okay.

ERIC: Turn the flame up a little higher.

GUNTHER: Ummm -

ERIC: You can bring Sibbley and Willa in now. By the time I tell him what it's all about the solution will be warm enough.

BIZ: MAN WALKING WITH MIKE -

GUNTHER: You do all the talking and don't let him ask me questions.

ERIC: (SLIGHTLY AWAY) Don't worry.

GUNTHER: (HALF WHISPER) And let me talk money with him. That'll be my end of it.

ERIC: (SAME TONE - AWAY) Okay - but let him bring up the money angle. Don't appear too anxious.

GUNTHER: I know what to do.

BIZ: DOOR OPEN -

GUNTHER: (CHANGE OF MANNER) You may come in now, Mr. Sibbley. We're ready with the demonstration.

SIBBLEY: (COMING IN) Well - this should be very interesting, Dr. Gunther. This young lady has been telling me some quite amazing things about the work you're doing.

GUNTHER: I hope you didn't exag^gerate to Mr. Sibbley, Miss Benton.

SIBBLEY: (CHUCKING) Modest - just as you said he was.

WILLA: I didn't tell him too much about what the demonstration would be. I thought Dr. Feist could do that much better.

GUNTHER: Of course, of course. By the way, Mr. Sibbley - I don't believe you've met Dr. Feist yet.

SIBBLEY: Dr. Feist - this is a pleasure.

ERIC: Thank you very much. I hope we haven't kept you waiting too long -

SIBBLEY: Not at all - not at all.

ERIC: There are so many adjustments to make. Will you sit right over there? Willa - you can sit beside Mr. Sibbley.

GUNTHER: (COMING IN) I told Mr. Sibbley you would give him a fuller explanation of what we're doing here.

ERIC: Certainly. probably already As you know, Mr. Sibbley, Dr. Gunther and I have made a revolutionary step in man's conquest of the mystery of life and death. We have just recently perfected what we call the Feist-Gunther Method of Vivifying Inert Organisms. We've really progressed beyond what you'll see in this demonstration -

GUNTHER: Far beyond -

ERIC: (GOES RIGHT ON) - but to make what we're accomplishing readily understandable to the layman you'll see life restored to the head of a dog.

GUNTHER: That will give you just an idea of the direction we're working.

SIBBLEY: Of course. I understand.

ERIC: (MOVING AWAY) The animal has been dead for six hours and the head was severed from the body two hours ago - so you can be certain ^{will} that you see is not a convulsive reflex.

GUNTHER: It might be well to explain just a bit of the principle on which we're working, Dr. Feist.

ERIC: Yes - of course. You see, Mr. Sibley, by means of an artificial, electrically-operated heart we are able to pump a solution of our discovery thru the veins of the animal's head. This solution is warmed to the proper temperature and after it is circulated for a certain length of time it fulfills the function of blood in restoring certain faculties of sight and thought - and, to a smaller degree, a few nervous impulses that control muscular actions.

SIBBLEY: I - I'm afraid that's just a little too complicated for me to understand, Doctor.

ERIC: Well, the demonstration will tell you much more than I could. Dr. Gunther, would you switch on the oscillators?

GUNTHER: Errr - certainly.

ERIC: Now, if you'll just be patient for just a few moments we'll be ready.

(PAUSE)

GUNTHER: (WHISPER) What the deuce! I don't know anything about this junk; you know that.

ERIC: (WHISPER) Just act as if you're doing something. D'ya want Sibley to think you're just an on-looker? (ALOUD) The oscillator is the key of our discovery, Mr. Sibley. The oscillator produces micrometric electromagnetic waves which pass in parallel planes thru the solution.

BIZ: SNAP - MOTOR STARTS - REGULAR, PUMP-LIKE THROB -

ERIC: (CONTINUING) This glass receptacle acts somewhat as does the heart. After the circulation starts the waves will be sent thru the solution in the heart - thus vivifying the molecules. (TURNING AWAY) What is the temperature, Doctor?

GUNTHER: Why - it's - it's -

ERIC: (WHISPER) Shut up. (ALOUD) One hundred fifty-two degrees fahrenheit. That's splendid. Now the oscillator -

BIZ: SNAP - HIGH FREQUENCY OSCILLATION - SOUND REGISTERS -

ERIC: Now I'll remove the cover from the head of the animal so that you can see the reactions as the -

WILLA: (AWAY - EMITS STIFFLED SCREAM -)

ERIC: (FLINTILY) I think you had better leave, Miss Benton.

WILLA: (RUNNING AWAY - EMOTIONALLY) I will - I will! I just can't watch -

BIZ: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSED QUICKLY - AWAY -

(PAUSE)

ERIC: You'll have to pardon Miss Benton. She's rather high-strung and can't quite bring herself to view the animal with the same sort of ~~objectivity~~ detachment as we doctors do.

SIBBLEY: (DRY-TONGUED) Yes - yes, of course. It is a rather - err - disturbing sight.

ERIC: ~~ERIEE ERIEE~~ You'll soon forget that, Mr. Sibley.

SIBBLEY: (CLEARS THROAT NERVOUSLY)

ERIC: (GOING AWAY) Perhaps you'd like to move your chair a little closer. Watch carefully when the speed of the pumping action is increased - watch the eyes particularly.

BIZ: SPEEDING UP OF MOTOR - TEMPO OF PULSING INCREASES -

ERIC: (WHISPER) Look at the dog's head, you fool - and don't look so terrified.

GUNTHER: (ALSO) I - I can't, Eric - It gives me the creeps.

ERIC: (EXASPERATED) Then watch the ammeter. (ALoud) You'll notice the jaws seem to tighten just a bit. That, of course, is an involuntary action as the brain is not yet functioning completely . . . The blinking of the eyes is also involuntary. Allow just a few seconds more -

(PAUSE)

There. Now the brain is functioning - and the sight. The condition at the synapses in the neural pathway of the eyes are nearly normal now. See - I pass my hand in front of the eyes - and you notice the blinking. Next the animal's mind will become conscious of pain -

(PAUSE)(SOUND UP SLIGHTLY)

SIBBLEY: (GASPS) The mouth - it moved!

ERIC: (PLEASED) Yes - another reflex action. An attempt to bark. Watch.

(ANOTHER PAUSE)

BIZ: WEAK, AGONIZED AND BREATHY BARK -

ERIC: (TRIUMPHANTLY) There!

SIBBLEY: (HORRIFIED) It's wonderful - and horrible.

ERIC: (FASCINATED) It's growing stronger -

BIZ: LOUDER BARK - PAIN - REPEATED -

ERIC: Think of it! - a moment ago the brain was dead - now - alive! -
alive!

SIBBLEY: The poor dog - the poor, poor dog!

ERIC: (RAISING VOICE) Science, Mr. Sibbley - the dog is a
sacrifice to science -

BIZ: HIGH PITCHED YELP OF PAIN - REPEATED -

SIBBLEY: (HYSTERICALLY) Stop it! Stop that machine!

ERIC: Mr. Sibbley - get a hold on yourself. It's just an
experiment that -

SIBBLEY: (INTERRUPTING) Stop that terrible thing! It's inhuman!

ERIC: Please - please, Mr. Sibbley! This is in the interest of
science. Think of it - renewing life - this is jjust a step.

SIBBLEY: (RAISING VOICE) Do you hear me!? Stop that machine!

GUNTHER: Calm down, Mr. Sibbley. With this start think what we can
do. With your financial help we'll have this -

SIBBLEY: No! no! - not a cent - I wouldn't give you a cent of my
money! This is ghastly - inhuman. I'll tell the authorities!

ERIC: Now,now - Mr. Sibbley. It's just a demonstration.

SIBBLEY: Stop that thing! I won't give you a cent of my money to
carry on an awful thing like that!

GUNTHER: (LOWER TONES) Turn it off, Eric! I'll talk to him. (ALOUD)
Mr. Sibbley! - where are you going!?

SIBBLEY: I'm getting out of this terrible place. I'm going to
inform the authorities of what you're doing. I won't allow
a thing like this to go on in a civilized world. I won't!

GUNTHER: But we need your financial help to carry on -

SIBBLEY: Not one cent! That's final.

GUNTHER: But you brought the money with you - didn't you?

SIBBLEY: Yes - but you'll not have a penny of it. Let go of me!
(SOUND OF SCUFFLE)

GUNTHER: Shut up! Feist will turn it off!

SIBBLEY: Let go of me!

GUNTHER: I just want to talk to you!

SIBBLEY: Take your hands off of me! I'll have the police -

GUNTHER: I told you to shut up and I - (EXERTION) meant it!

BIZ: A CRACK ON THE HEAD - BODY SLUMPS TO FLOOR -

SIBBLEY: (GROANS)

(PAUSE)

ERIC: Good Lord! What did you do that for?

GUNTHER: (THRU TEETH) What didja want me to do? - let him go to the police?

ERIC: You didn't need to crack him so hard. Just a tap with that pipe -

GUNTHER: (CONCERN) Do ya think he's badly hurt?

ERIC: Just a second - (MOVING AWAY) I'll take a look at him. We'll have to get out of here pretty fast no matter how he is.

(PAUSE)

GUNTHER: Turn off that machine. That dog's yelpin' is driving me nuts.

ERIC: Turn it off yourself. You know where the switch is.

You've certainly made a mess of this business.

GUNTHER: (AWAY) Is this the switch?

ERIC: Yeah.

BIZ: SNAP - MOTOR STOPS - DOG'S YELPS DIED AWAY IN A WHINE -

(PAUSE)

GUNTHER: How is he?

(PAUSE)

ERIC: He's dead.

GUNTHER: Good Lord! Dead! - but I just tapped him -

ERIC: (INTERRUPTING) Nevertheless he's dead.

GUNTHER: (PANIC) Wh-what'll we do. He's an important man. He'll be missed and they'll know where -

ERIC: (INTERRUPTING) Shut up. Let me think.

WILLA: (MUFFLED, AS THRU DOOR - SCREAMS!!!)

ERIC: (TENSELY) It's Willa!

BIZ: TWO MEN RUNNING ACROSS BOARD FLOOR - DOOR FLUNG OPEN -

WILLA: (RUNNING IN - SOBBING) The dog - the dog - dog!-

ERIC: What's the matter?! Get ahold of yourself, Willa! What's wrong!

WILLA: (SOBBING HYSTERICALLY) The dog - at the door - just the body.

GUNTHER: What's she talking about?

BIZ: SLAPPING FACE SEVERAL TIMES -

ERIC: Willa! Snap out of it! What happened?

WILLA: (SOB) The dog!

ERIC: Calm down - we've turned the motor off.

WILLA: But at the door.

ERIC: What are you trying to say?

WILLA: While you were in there I heard a scratch on the front door - scratching - scratching - I didn't know what it was.

GUNTHER: She's gone nuts.

ERIC: Shut up and listen to her. Yes - what about it, Willa?

WILLA: (SOBBING) I opened the door and there - (BREAKS OFF INTO LONG SOB)

GUNTHER: Eric! - the door's open! Look - there on the doorstep.

ERIC: (AGHAST) Good God! The dog's body!

BIZ: GONG - REGISTER AND FADE - 10:30

(PAUSE)

(FADING IN)

BIZ: LIGHT, WARY KNOCKING ON DOOR - REPEATED -

GUNTHER: Eric?

ERIC: (VOICE MUFFLED, AS THRU DOOR - GUARDED TONE) Yeah. Open up.

BIZ: KEY IN LOCK - DOOR OPENED - CLOSED -

GUNTHER: Everything go okay?

ERIC: Yeah.

GUNTHER: Anybody see you?

ERIC: I don'tt think so. I was doing seventy when I passed the filling station on the Turnpike. It's so dark on the pike the break in the fence won't be noticed till morning.

GUNTHER: Good. Y' didn't take off the gloves, did you?

ERIC: Do you think I'm crazy?

GUNTHER: I just don't want to take chances. Guys have been known to leave fingerprints around in the wrong places.

ERIC: Yeah-yeah. If we wiped off all of Willa's prints we're in the clear. (PAUSE) By the way, how is she?

GUNTHER: Pretty high.

ERIC: Drunk, huh?

GUNTHER: Yeah - more drunk than scared anyway.

ERIC: We'd better let her stay that way until we get out of this place. I know how she feels.

GUNTHER: Y'know we've got to get some of that equipment out of -

WILLA: (AT DISTANCE) Eric! Eric, is that you?

GUNTHER: Willa's heard you. Answer her.

ERIC: (CALLING) Everything's okay, honey.

WILLA: (COMING IN) Eric - please - take me out of here. I can't stand it much longer - this awful place -

ERIC: (WARMLY) Take it easy, hon - we'll leave just as soon as we finish up a few things.

WILLA: Wh-what didyou do with Mr. Sibbley's body?

GUNTHER: Ran him off the cliff on the turnpike in his car.

ERIC: It'll look like an accident. Don't worry about it.

WILLA: Please, Eric - can't we leave now?

ERIC: We have just a few things to do honey. Then we'll go.

GUNTHER: (GOING AWAY) I - I'll be gettin' out to bury that dog's body.

ERIC: (SUSPICIOUS) Wait a minute.

GUNTHER: (SNEAKILY) I'm just going to -

ERIC: (BREAKING IN) How about the money.

GUNTHER: (INNOCENCE ITSELF) Money?

ERIC: (IRRITATED) Yes - money, money! The money Sibbley had with him. Did he bring the entire twenty thousand?

GUNTHER: Why - err - no. Only had three thousand on him.

WILLA: That's a lie. I was with him when -

GUNTHER: (INTERRUPTING) Shut up! You're drunk!

ERIC: (SMOOTHLY) Why don't you want to hear what she has to say, Gunther? You're not trying to pull a fast one by any chance, are you? (PAUSE) What were you saying, honey?

WILLA: I said he's lying. I went with Sibbley to the bank and he drew the full twenty thousand.

(PAUSE)

ERIC: Well - what about it, Gunther?

GUNTHER: (DEFINATLY) Okay - he did have the twenty thousand on him - but who planned this?

ERIC: What are you driving at?

GUNTHER: (BREEZILY) All right ... You and Willa are going to get a thousand apiece. That's your share.

ERIC: I don't think so.

GUNTHER: Listen, you - I planned this - you just helped me - so I've decided to cut you in for - (BREAK - THEN CHANGE OF TONE)

GUNTHER: (CONTINUED)

Oh - that. Put the gun away. I've put my share where I can find it and you'll take what I give you.

ERIC: You won't have much fun spending it if your head is ventilated with six holes.

GUNTHER: Quit bluffing, Feist. It won't do you any good to kill me - you couldn't find the money.

ERIC: (GRIMLY) Oh, yes I will. You're going to tell me where it is.

GUNTHER: (CHUCKLES) No good, Feist. I don't scare so easily.

ERIC: Hold this gun on him, Willa - if he makes a pass at me drill him. (SOFTLY) Steady, honey.

GUNTHER: I tell you, Feist, you don't deserve any more than a thousand and that's you get.

ERIC: (THRU TEETH) Think so? (EXERTION)

BIZ: A STEAMY SLAP ON THE FACE -

GUNTHER: Why, you - !

ERIC: Keep him covered, Willa! (MENACINGLY) So you're not going to tell, huh? (EXERTION)

BIZ: A STRAIGHT ONE TO THE CHIN - MAN FALLS TO FLOOR -

GUNTHER: (GROANS)

(PAUSE)

ERIC: (GRIMLY) Get in the other room, Willa - and shut the door.

WILLA: But Eric - we've got to get out of -

ERIC: (INTERRUPTING) There's a bottle in there. Get busy with it.

WILLA: You're not going to do anything with him that -

ERIC: (BREAKS IN) Get in there!

WILLA: Well -

BIZ: WOMAN WALKING ACROSS WOODEN FLOOR - DOOR CLOSED -

WILLA: (TO SELF) Why - why did I get into this? - why did I let Eric do it? . . (SNIFF) . . I can't go on drinking like this all night . . . that poor dog - those eyes -

GUNTHER: (AT DISTANCE - MUFFLED - SCREAMING) Don't! Please - please! don't - (SHRIEK)

WILLA: (GASPS)

GUNTHER: Eric! (FADING) For the love of God! Don't do it! - don't - !
(FADE COMPLETED)

BIZ: FADING IN - TICKING OF CLOCK - REGISTER - FADE -
(OUT)

BIZ: DOOR OPEN -
(PAUSE)

WILLA: Eric! - Eric, what's the matter?

ERIC: (TEARS AND ANGER) He didn't tell - I couldn't make him tell - he wouldn't tell me -

WILLA: (ALARMED) Eric- what have you done to him?

ERIC: (VACANTLY) He - he wouldn't tell - he just screamed and said he wouldn't tell me. Now we'll never find it - eighteen thousand dollars -

WILLA: What did you do to him?! Tell me!

ERIC: He died - and he wouldn't tell me - and they money's lost - gone - we'll never find it!

WILLA: (HORRIED) You - you killed him!

ERIC: He deserved it - robbed me - robbed us - robbed us of our shares, that's what he did - cheated - robbed me -

WILLA: And you killed him!

ERIC: He wouldn't tell - no matter what I did to him - he wouldn't tell.

WILLA: You killed him!

ERIC: (LOSES CONTROL) Quit saying that! (SOBBING) The money was as much mine as it was his - now we'll never find it - never! (HE SOBS - FACE IN HANDS)

WILLA: (SOFTLY) Take a drink, Eric - you're not yourself . . . It'll do you good . . . Eric - what's the matter? Don't look at me like that!

ERIC: (COMPOSED - ICILY CALM) He - won't - cheat us.

WILLA: Eric - let's get away from here - far away -

ERIC: (AS THOUGH HE HASN'T HEARD HER) No - he won't cheat us. He died - but I'll find out - I'll find out -

WILLA: Listen to me, Eric - we can go to New York - take a boat for someplace - get away from here.

ERIC: (ALMOST DREAMILY) The dog's head barked, Willa - it barked.

WILLA: Don't - don't talk about that.

ERIC: It barked, Willa! The dog was dead - Gunther's dead. Maybe . . . maybe his head will talk!

BIZ: ^{16:20} GONG - REGISTER AND FADE -

WILLA: I can't stand this. Stop it! Let's just go - leave everything - just go.

ERIC: (A TRIFFLE MAD NOW) Gunther has something to tell us. Yes - a little secret that I know he'd like to share - now.

WILLA: This is all too fantastic - too horrible. We'll never be able to forget it.

ERIC: Money - we'll have money. That'll help us forget.

WILLA: Eric - you're - you're mad.

ERIC: (GIDDILY) Mad? Ummm - perhaps.

WILLA: The idea's too fiendish to think about - inhuman. You can't do it!

ERIC: Ohhh - but I can do it. Gunther will talk to me - and he'll tell me. . . Scalpel.

WILLA: Darling - listen to me!

ERIC: ~~(INSISTANTLY)~~ Scalpel!

WILLA: We - we don't know what terrible things this will cause.
(PAUSE)

ERIC: What d'ya mean by that?

WILLA: We can't do ~~it~~. Mustn't! it's defying the laws of God, Eric.
We can't do it. That dog -
(PAUSE)

ERIC: Go on. What about the dog?

WILLA: You saw it yourself - there on the doorstep - and I heard
it scratch on the door. I heard it, darling - I know I did.
We don't know what it means.

ERIC: Nonsense! Some of the farm kids around here must have
tried to play a prank - found the headless dog and thought
they'd scare us.

WILLA: You know that isn't true. It's something else - I know it -
I can just feel it.

ERIC: What, for instance?

WILLA: Couldn't it - couldn't it be possible that the mind -
brought back to life that way - could control the muscles
of the body, even if the body were some distance away?
(PAUSE)

ERIC: Certainly not. That's silly.

WILLA: Then how can you explain what happened?

ERIC: Listen - I don't know - but I'm sure it's nothing like that.

WILLA: How do you know? Maybe there's a telepathic connection
between the head and the body. When you cut off ~~the~~ the head
of a snake the body continues to move.

ERIC: Awww - that's muscular contraction.

WILLA: Nobody's sure of that. We don't know, Eric - we don't know!
(PAUSE)

ERIC: I'll take the chance . . . Give me that scalpel.

WILLA: You're not -(STOPS)

ERIC: (COLDLY) Yes - I'm going to cut off his stubborn head. Get out of the room if you don't want to see it.

BIZ: WOMAN WALKING AWAY -

ERIC: Don't leave the house. I'll need your help in a few minutes.

BIZ: DOOR OPENED * CLOSED -

(FROM THIS POINT ON ERIC'S SPEECH LEAVES LITTLE DOUBT THAT HE IS, TO SAY THE LEAST, UNBALANCED)

ERIC: Now see if you'll keep your secret, Gunther . . .
You won't have your body around to help you - just your head - and your eyes - and your tongue. (CHUCKLE) Yes, you'll have your tongue, Gunther - and you'll use it.
See if you can keep your secret now . . . Umm - just see if you can . . . The dog could bark - you can do as well as a dog can, can't you, Gunther? . . . Sure - the dog can bark - you can talk - and remember . . . Too bad you never studied surgery, Gunther - you're missing an excellent operation. You didn't know I was a great surgeon, did you. The best - that's what I was - and the world would have known it - but, no~~x~~ - I'm disbarred . . . You had your hand in that, too, didn't you? . . . You wanted me disbarred . . . You'll never forget that - I won't let you forget . . .
My hand's shaking - sure - but it'll do the job. Off with your head, Gunther. Just a flick - see? - and your sternomastoid muscle is no good. See? - my hand's steady enough - but I must be careful - nothing must prevent your miraculous return to life - and your trapezicus -

ERIC: (CONTINUED)

- got to cut it ~~away~~ down here - it'll shrink up - and I'll need that to make you talk. You are going to talk, you know.

(CHUCKLE) Talk and like it . . . Here's your external jugular - (START FADE -) - See? I know where everything is - (FADE COMPLETED)

(FADING IN)

ERIC: - and a clip on your lymphatic glands; we don't want them to swell and spoil your return to life. You've got a speech to make, Gunther - only you don't know it - yet. (ALOUD)
Will! . . . Will!

(PAUSE)

BIZ: DOOR OPEN - AWAY -

ERIC: Come on in. Give me a hand . . . Don't just stand there. Turn up the flame under the bunsen . . . What's the matter? - ya crocked?

WILL: I - don't - like - this.

ERIC: Yeah-yeah - I know - but you'll like ten thousand dollars. That's your share, honey.

WILL: I don't like it!

ERIC: Okay - you don't like it - but turn up that flame. Gunther is nearly ready to talk to us -

BIZ: SWITCH - MOTOR STARTS - SLOW PULSE -

WILL: (LOW, GUTTURAL TONE) He looks awful.

ERIC: Well - that's the way, kid. Not afraid to look at him, eh?

WILL: Oh ^{but} - will I ever forget.

ERIC: You'll forget it. A change of scene -

WILL: His face - it's so blue.

ERIC: Your face'd be a little blue if your head were here and your body sitting on a chair over there.

WILLA: Cute sense of humor you have - sitting his body up in a chair.

ERIC: Maybe he'll feel more like talking with his body sitting up.
(PAUSE) What's the temperature of the solution?

WILLA: Ummm - hundred fifty three -

ERIC: Fine. Now - the oscillator -

BIZ: TURNING ON OSCILLATOR - INCREASE RATE OF PULSE SPEED -

(LONG PAUSE)

WILLA: It working?

ERIC: His forehead's warming up. I'll know in a second or two.
(PAUSE)

WILLA: Eric - He's - he's -

ERIC: (EAGERLY) Yeah - yeah - he's trying to open his eyes.
(SOOTHINGLY) Try, Gunther - try - try. Open your eyes.
(PAUSE)

WILLA: (A LITTLE GASP)

ERIC: There! That's fine - open them wider. Look at me, Gunther - it's me - Eric Feist - see? (MANIACAL LAUGH) Thought you were thru with me, didn't you? I ^{don't} didn't give up, Gunther - never - ever . . . Trying to say something, eh?

WILLA: (BREAKS) Eric! Don't go thru with it. Listen to me -

ERIC: (SOFTLY) Oh - just a little chat with Gunther - just long enough to find out what I want to know. You know what it is, don't you, Gunther? . . . You'll talk to me now, won't you? . . . That's right - move your lips. You can talk.
(PAUSE)

GUNTHER: (A HOARSE WHISPER - SCARCELY AUDIBLE) Let me die!

WILLA: (GASP) He said - he said "Let me die!"

ERIC: That's a start, Gunther - just the start -

GUNTHER: The pain - pain - I want to die. Please, Eric - please - for the love of God - stop it - let me die.

ERIC: No-no - not yet, Gunther. Where did you hide the money?

GUNTHER: I can't remember - Oh God! - don't ask me - I can't remember -

ERIC: (GRIMLY) Tell me!

GUNTHER: Let me die - just let me die -

WILLA: Eric - don't do this to him -

ERIC: He'll tell me - or else I'll keep him alive for - for a year -

GUNTHER: Oh, mother of Mercy! - take me - take me from this - I don't deserve it -

ERIC: Are you going to tell me where you hid the money?

GUNTHER: I can't - I can't remember - I can't - I'd tell you - Oh! - the pain -

WILLA: (A LITTLE SQUEAL - GOING AWAY)

ERIC: (CALLING) Willa - Willa, where are you going?!

WILLA: (A LONG SOB - CUT OFF BY -)

BIZ: DOOR CLOSES -

ERIC: She can't stand to see you this way, Gunther - but I can -

BIZ: MAN WALKING ACROSS FLOOR *

ERIC: (GOING AWAY) Think it over for a minute, Gunther. You'll remember - just try -

BIZ: DOOR OPEN -

ERIC: (AWAY) Come back here, Willa - I need your help.

GUNTHER: Lord of Mercy - take me away from this - help me - help me -

ERIC: (COMING IN) Have you remember^{ed} where the money is, Gunther?

GUNTHER: God as my judge - I can't remember! I can't remember!

ERIC: I can keep you alive, just like this, for hours, days, weeks - and the pain won't lessen - not a bit. Think of it - you can't die now - not until I want you to die - and you'll tell me first -

GUNTHER: I can't remember - Can't you believe me? - I can't remember - the pain - pain - I can't stand it -

ERIC: And you can't stop it. Tell me, Gunther - tell me where you hid the money - then I'll let you die.

GUNTHER: I can't think - the pain. I can't think. Let me die -

ERIC: Yes - when you tell me where the money is hidden.

GUNTHER: I can't - I can't - I don't know! Oh God! what have I done to deserve this? - what?

WILLA: (AWAY) Eric - please stop the motors. I'll never be able to forget - never -

ERIC: Come on in - and look at the man who robbed us. Look at him now.

GUNTHER: Willa! Willa! I never did anything to you. Turn off those motors!

WILLA: (DISTRACTEDLY) He's talking to me. Oh, darling - let him die. We don't want the money - we can go away someplace - and start all over again. Let him die - for my sake -

ERIC: He'll tell us in just a minute, Willa - then we'll have twenty thousand dollars.

GUNTHER: (CHANGE) Now you won't.

ERIC: Oh, yes I will!

GUNTHER: Look - behind you!

ERIC: What do you -

WILLA: (SCREAMS) The - the body!

ERIC: Good Lord! Turn off the motor! Turn off the motor, Willa!

GUNTHER: She can't get past me - and you won't either.

WILLA: (SCREAM - SCREAM GIVES WAY TO GASP -)

GUNTHER: She's fainted. Now she can't turn off the motor until ^{after} I get you. And I will get you!

ERIC: Stay away from me! (DISBELIEF) My - my eyes are fooling me. You're dead - you're body can't move!

GUNTHER: I'm moving my body - my body is there but my mind is here - and alive - and my body still does what my mind tells it, Feist -and I'm going to kill you.

ERIC: You can't - this is all a dream! - a dream! You're dead!

GUNTHER: You can't get away from me!

ERIC: (WILDLY) I'll turn off the motor.

GUNTHER: You can't get past me. Your throat -

ERIC: (STRUGGLING) Gunther - don't (STRANGLING) Don't!

GUNTHER: (GRITTING TEETH) I'm strong, Eric - strong! You've had your last breath -

(THE CHARMING SOUNDS OF STRANGLING)

BIZ: BODY SLUMPS TO FLOOR -

GUNTHER: I did it! - did it! He's dead and - (BREAK) Ohh - the pain! I must find the switch or this will go on - forever - the switch - I must find it. If I can just get my body to that switch - feel around - (PAUSE) There!

BIZ: CLICK OF SWITCH - MOTOR SLOWS DOWN GRADUALLY -

GUNTHER: (WEAKER) I've done it . . . Death - I'll have it ... death - (A VERY WEAK SIGH DRIFTING OFF AS -)

BIZ: THE MOTOR COMES TO A COMPLETE STOP -

GONG - REGISTER AND OUT -

ANNOUNCER: "THE BARK OF A DEAD DOG" - written for **LIGHTS OUT** by Charles Gussman, produced by Gordon T. Hughes was presented from our Chicago studios.

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(CHIMES)